

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 359.—VOL. VII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1890.

PRICE 1½d.

AN HISTORIC AMERICAN ROAD.

WHEN we alight at the station known as 'Munroe's,' on the Lowell System of the Boston and Maine Railroad, we are within a few yards of what must be considered as historically the most interesting Road in the United States. The entire length of it from Boston to Concord is but sixteen miles, and the portion we propose to traverse but half that distance; but no stones ever read a more stirring, and, to an Englishman, perhaps a more humiliating, sermon to man than do the stones of this quiet, old-world American Road, along which Earl Percy marched early in the morning of April 19, 1775, with the object of destroying the 'rebel' magazines and stores at Concord, full of confidence and hope, and along which in less than six hours he scampered—literally scampered—back, baffled, disorganised, beaten, and disgraced.

Let us step out on this fresh, brisk, early winter morning, and read the sermon as we walk; literally, we may read it, for a patriotic Government has plainly labelled every point of interest along the entire route.

The road from the station leads almost directly up to the house from which the station is named, an old-world, single-storied 'shingle'-house, with a weather-beaten tiled roof, and old-fashioned glass-sided doors, standing amidst pleasant gardens on a grassy eminence close to the main-road side. A tablet on the house-front says:

Earl Percy's Headquarters and Hospital, April 18, 1775.
The Munroe Tavern, built 1685.

It is so peaceful now on this deserted country road, the sun shines so benignly, and the fresh sweet air, tossing the yellow curls of a child bowling her hoop, makes such soft music through the great elms and the solemn firs, that one finds it hard to picture the scene presented here on that fateful April morning one hundred and fifteen years ago.

We try to think of the arrival of Earl Percy and his veterans of the 23d, the 'King's Own,'

the 47th Regiments, and the Royal Artillery, after their night-march from Lechlere's Point, Boston—that night-march which had already been discounted by the dashing ride of Paul Revere—by Milk Street, past the old Davenport Tavern, now standing at the corner of North Avenue and Beech Street; past the Black Horse at Arlington; by the old Tufts Tavern—a distance of ten miles. We try to picture the confidence and self-satisfaction with which all looked forward to the issue of the day's proceedings as they quaffed Munroe's ale and looked to their flints and primings, for there was not a man from the Earl himself to the smallest drummer-boy who was not assured that at the first glint of sun-rays on bayonets and red uniforms, and white leggings and shako-plaques, the 'beggarly rebels' would turn and flee to their native woods. We may guess that there was some grumbling at the bother of turning night into day for the sake of dispersing a crowd of farmers and stable-boys, but we may be sure that when the word 'Quick march! Forward!' was given, and the music struck up the old cavalier air of *Lucy Locket*, already known as *Yankee Doodle*, there was not a desponding heart in the assembly.

We pass on, and presently enter Lexington. It was a small village in 1775; it is not very much more now, although Boston business men are beginning to find it a pleasant suburban retreat, and, save when the business men are arriving or departing, is quiet enough.

We pass by pretty villas, interspersed with quaint houses of the old colonial style, by the Court-house, in the garden of which stands a stone fieldpiece, which marks the position taken up by the Royal Artillery, who, at the end of the fatal April day, prevented the disorderly retreat from becoming a regular rout, and we emerge on to sacred Lexington Common. Here it was that the war which created the mighty United States of America commenced, and, Englishmen though we be, it is with feelings of reverence and admiration that we step on to the triangular enclosure with its fringe of ancient

elms, which, although much reduced in size since that morning when Earl Percy's men approached to find their progress actually barred by the presumptuous Provincials, retains many of its original features.

We make straight for an irregularly-shaped mass of granite lying on the green turf. Upon it are carved a musket and a powder-horn—the primitive powder-horn of crow-scarers and sportsmen, not the elaborate contrivance of the regular soldier—with the following inscription :

Line of the Minute Men, April 19, 1775.

Stand your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon; but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here.

CAPTAIN PARKER.

How the 'Minute Men'—so called because they held themselves ready for action at a minute's notice—stood their ground—how they scornfully replied to the British summons to surrender—how the pure April sky echoed to the rattle of the murderous reply which stretched the ground with dead and wounded—how the Patriots slowly and sullenly retired—and how with that reply the smouldering embers of liberty burst into a flame which was to illumine the world for many a long year—is written on one of the most glorious pages of the world's history.

Immediately behind the Minute Men's stone, but separated from the Common by the road which forms the base of the triangle, stands a house associated with this dawn of American freedom by a pathetic incident. The tablet on the wooden wall tells it briefly :

House of Jonathan Harrington, who, wounded on the Common, April 19, 1775, dragged himself to the door, and died at his wife's feet.

Close to it is an old church, but not the original of the war-time, although Lexington men declare it to be so. Two roads branch off from this end of the Common. The right-hand one leads to 'Bedford and Billerica' (note how posterity has contemptuously treated the old Essex settler who brought the name of the latter town from his old English home, as other East Anglian settlers brought Cambridge, Attleborough, Framlingham, Thetford, and Braintree, by knocking off the final y), the left to Concord. For a few minutes we turn down the former road, as it is most intimately associated with the historical events of that April day in 1775. Down this road, very early in the morning of April 19, clattered Paul Revere; past the old Buckman Tavern, still standing, and bearing the legend :

Built 1690, known as the Buckman Tavern, a rendezvous of the Minute Men, a mark for British bullets, April 19, 1775—

but not, like us, across the railway, and pulled up his foaming, panting steed at the gate of this old house, which stands end on to the street, and is known as the Hancock House. No need is there to paint the picture in feeble prose, when it

can be read in stirring verse as told by the Landlord in Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*; but we cannot help a few moments' lapse into sentimentality, as we stand beneath the leafless trees and read on the tablet affixed to the house-wall :

Built 1698, enlarged 1734. Residence of Rev. John Hancock 55 years, and of his successor, Rev. Jonas Clark, 50 years. Here Samuel Adams and John Hancock were sleeping when aroused by Paul Revere, April 19, 1775.

Here, too, it was that Hancock wooed and won the fair 'Dorothy Q.' in that dark-panelled old room on the left hand as you enter, its window looking on the pleasant garden, and perhaps on the two stately elms—since disappeared—known as 'Hancock' and 'Adams.'

We retrace our steps over the railway, and turn to the right, past the church and the Harrington House, past the 'Soldiers' Monument,' and strike again to the right along the road to Concord.

Ah! what a terrible flight that was along this road during the afternoon of April 19, 1775! How our poor redcoats, as we call them—'those durned lobster-backs,' as an American would call them—exhausted with long marching and fighting under a burning sun, stung with too-well aimed bullets fired by an invisible and ungettable foe, who was secure amidst his native woods and rocks, half-dead with thirst, and—worst of all—thoroughly beaten, came racing along here from Concord town, a disorganised, dispirited, cowed mass of fugitives!

'Yankee Doodle!' said an officer who had been in the affair, and who was asked if he knew the air—'Yankee Doodle! Yes; bless their eyes; they made us dance to it till we were tired!'

On the rocky face of a bluff on our right hand, about three miles from Lexington, an inscription tells us that here Earl Percy made an attempt to rally the fugitives, but was driven off the hill at the point of the bayonet! Cannot we imagine the surprise and indignation with which that piece of news was heard? No body of men, however well disciplined and however brave, can long stand the harassing fire of a lurking enemy, at which it cannot get; but for a band of ploughboys and farmers actually to drive the British regular soldier before them with his own pet weapon! It was impossible, incredible! But they did all the same.

The road mounts and descends through a thickly-wooded country, which probably has not materially altered in appearance during the past century. Gradually the houses increase in number: we pass Fiske's Hill, the site of the Brooks Tavern, the Merriam House and the Teal House—at all of which points there was either actual fighting or exchange of shots, as the door and floor of the last named still testify—and descend into the pleasant but, we should imagine, exceedingly dull old town of Concord.

At a later period than that of which we are particularly writing, Concord became somewhat famous as a favourite retreat of men of letters, prominent amongst whom were Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, and Hoar.

On our left hand is the old Wright's Tavern,

where the Provincials had an alarm-post. It is still a house of public entertainment, but, like all others in this part of Massachusetts, conducted on temperance principles, and the landlord never tires of telling how an English officer sitting here one day with a glass of spirits before him happened accidentally to cut his finger, whereupon he allowed some of the drops of blood to fall into the liquor, and drank it off, giving as his toast, 'May the blood of the rebel rascals so mix with the water of Concord river!' He happened to be one of the first victims of the 'rebel rascals' fire that same day.

Opposite to the Wright's Tavern rises, behind a line of houses, a hill which was considered to be the key to the town. On this hill the early Puritan settlers reared their first chapel, and the hill-side is still covered with their old-world gravestones, inscribed with many a quaint name and with very curious epitaphs. The graves of the Buttrick family are numerous; but the grave of John Buttrick the patriot, whose words, 'Fire, fellow-soldiers! For God's sake, fire!' are engraved on his headstone, is in another old burial-ground in the town.

Instead of turning down the main street, we go straight on, along a thickly-wooded road, which runs through the centre of the battle-field of Concord. A little way down, on the left hand, stands some way back from the road the 'Old Manse' of Hawthorne, the 'Mosses' from which have given delight to thousands of readers on this as well as on the other side of the Atlantic. It is the most complete realisation of an ideal, so complete, indeed, that the question arises if prosaic forethought ought not to step in and save it from falling to pieces of sheer decrepitude. It is a 'shingle' building, with a battered gambrel roof provided with a dormer window, deserted, falling to decay, its windows shuttered up, the grass growing on its doorsteps, and a wild luxuriance of creeper pushing boldly through the shattered panes of what was once the study of Hawthorne. Seen as we see it under a dark wintry sky, whilst the wind moans through the dark fir-trees, and makes a loose shutter rattle against the loose planks of the house-wall, devoid of any sign of recent human habitation, not a footmark on the path, not a breath of smoke curling from the massive chimneys, we can hardly realise that we are in a young country, of which the history extends back little over a century, and can fancy rather that we are in some quiet nook of Old England.

We pass out through the gate, hanging on one hinge, and pause to look at the old Jones House opposite, from which the British troops were fired at in 1775, and at which they let fly in return, a bullet-hole in the door still bearing witness of the fact. The adjoining field was the muster-ground of the Provincial levies, and was chosen, it is said, from the abundance of flints on the soil, so that the rustics could supply themselves ere they went into action. The next turning to the left beyond the Old Manse brings us by an alley of firs and pines to the base of the famous statue of the Minute Man, erected in commemoration of the event which has immortalised Concord. The figure is admirable, and the site well chosen. Facing the woodland road up which came King George's troops, stands a hand-

some young fellow of heroic size, three-cornered hat on head, his shirt sleeves rolled up, his powder-horn slung over his left shoulder, his right hand grasping his rifle, his left still holding the handle of the plough, over which hangs his coat. The statue tells its own story: the young farmer peacefully ploughing, but ploughing with rifle and powder-horn ready to be snatched up at the first alarm, alert at the sound of the warning bugle, and not even troubling himself to get into his coat. On the pedestal are the following stirring lines by Emerson:

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled:
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

Behind the statue, the Concord river placidly rolls beneath the modern successor of the historic bridge, over which if the British troops had succeeded in passing, perhaps some of the most ringing pages of modern history would never have been written. Up to this point we had been—well, victorious, if the burning of a few stores and the explosion of a magazine or two in the face of raw levies beside whom the worst trained militia regiment may pose as veteran troops, can be called a victory. But the retreat from Concord Bridge, which gradually became a flight, changed the victory into defeat; and it is to the moral effect produced upon despairing but defiant men by the consciousness thus aroused that they could hold their own with disciplined soldiers that are owing the tremendous events which followed. We are irresistibly rooted to the spot on this wild, weird winter afternoon, which, with almost British eccentricity, has succeeded to the fair bright morning. There is not a sign or sound of human life around this little corner of the old Bay State which is so associated with human passions and human wantonness. Come here during summer-time, and the romance is ruthlessly dispelled by the shrill laughter of Boston girls and the puritanical twang of Boston young men, with whom Concord Bridge is a favourite picnicking resort; whilst the hallowed soil around is littered with sandwich papers and broken bottles. We prefer to see it under its present aspect.

Then, from the survey of monument, bridge, river, and silent winter scenery, we turn to the spot which appeals most directly of all to the feelings of the British visitor. In the wall which divides the road from the Old Manse domain, a rude wall of uncemented stones such as one sees in Northumberland, is one big slab of granite, upon which is inscribed—

Grave of British Soldiers.

Some reverent hand has enclosed the grave, marked now but by two stones, with posts and chain; and within this narrow area are two sturdy straight-stemmed pines, which shed their fragrant fruit on the nameless graves below; and as the wind moans through their branches, we seem to hear the words of Russell Lowell whispered as a kind of dirge:

These men were brave enough, and true
To the hired soldier's bulldog creed;
What brought them here they never knew,
They fought as suits the English breed;

They came three thousand miles, and died,
To keep the Past upon its throne ;
Unheard, beyond the Ocean tide
Their English mother made their moan.

And so, with rather saddened thoughts, we
retrace our steps along this famous old Road into
Concord town.

THE LAST KING OF YEWLE.

CHAPTER III.—A PRIVATE INQUEST.

THE natural horror excited in Mrs King by the intelligence of the murder of her brother-in-law, and the shock which it occasioned, were quickly superseded by a dim and terrible fear. Leaving the gardener in the kitchen to discuss his ill tidings with the servants, the lady tottered back to her bedchamber and locked the door. The pallor of her face and the trembling of every fibre in her frame indicated the profound agitation from which she was suffering. Her fears were full of her husband ; and a prayerful appeal for mercy, made upon her knees by the bedside, showed how deeply the fear had entered into her soul.

She recalled the scene of the preceding night, and was able to realise, imperfectly, it is true, but sufficiently to inspire acute alarm, how a wrong and a punishment such as her husband had suffered were calculated to change the character and even to unhinge the mind. Brooding over them in that solitude of which he had spoken so bitterly, the softest nature might so harden as to become impenetrable to all influences but one. Could her husband's mental vision have been so perverted during his long and unmerited punishment, as to charge the wrong against his brother ? That he definitely charged it against some person was clear, and the unhappy wife recollected now—with perhaps more significance than was fairly attachable to it—the way in which her husband had rejected Rowan King's proposal for his emigration.

It was therefore with no small thankfulness she learned by-and-by that Francis Gray was below. Hastily dressing, and halting at her daughter's door to assure herself that she still slept, Mrs King went down to the drawing-room.

Gray, who was looking out of a window, turned quickly as she entered, and for a second or two checked what he was about to say. 'I perceive I am not the first bearer of the sad news,' he said, looking in her troubled eyes ; and then he added, after a pause : 'Does Agnes know ?'

'No ; she is still asleep. She did not fall asleep until near dawn. Poor child, she will know it too soon.—Tell me all about it.'

'There is not much to tell. When I went back last night, Mr King was sitting in the study, as usual, reading. He always sat up till an hour or so past midnight. I told him I had given you his message, and gave him, in your own words, the gratitude you expressed. He seemed much pleased, and then I said good-night and retired to my own room. Early this morning, old Stokes, the butler, woke me with the news that his master was dead. I went down with him, and saw Mr King sitting in the chair, as I had left him the

night before, but dead. His fingers still held a half-smoked cigar. That is all.'

Mrs King held her breath for some time, and then drew a deep respiration, with her hand pressed to her side.

'Is that—all ?' she said, in a voice scarcely higher than a whisper.

'That is all, at present. The doctors have been sent for, and no doubt they will discover the cause of death.'

'That man—that gardener, who came here this morning—said Mr King had been murdered !'

'There is nothing, as far as I have noticed, to suggest murder.—Who would murder Mr King ? The man was excited, I suppose, and did not know what he said. The doctors will discover the cause of Mr King's death.'

Gray could not help being struck with the changing expression of fear, anxiety, hope, which rapidly passed over Mrs King's face. Nor was his surprise lessened when suddenly, overcome by emotion, she clasped her hands and turned her streaming eyes upwards, saying : 'Not murdered ? Oh, thank God for that !'

They had been standing all this time, and Mrs King now sank into a low chair and put her hands to her face. Gray saw the tears trickling between her fingers. He was perplexed as to the meaning of this singular emotion ; but he forbore to speak, and walked over to the window again.

'Frank,' she said, after some time, 'I know I can trust you as if you were my son. You are my only friend now—you, and Richard King.'

He wished he could ask her not to associate him with Richard King, but it was no time for doing so. He said nothing, but allowed her to proceed.

'You will understand what I felt on hearing that Rowan King was murdered, when I tell you that my husband was here last night.'

Gray gave a start.

'When you were here, he was in the study. I will tell you what passed, and you will then understand the terrible anxiety which I have suffered to-day.'

Mrs King described the interview, and the looks and language of her husband, to her astonished listener ; and he could not conceal the fact that her fears made an impression on him.

'You do not know where he went to after leaving here ?' he asked.

'No ; he passed down through the garden, and must have entered the park over the wall : there is no other way of exit, as you know, in that direction. But he said nothing to show where he was going to ; only that he wanted to get away from all chance of recognition.'

'In that case, Mrs King, he must have meant to go a long way. If we only knew upon whom his thoughts are fixed as the wrong-doer, it might guide us in tracing him—that is, if there were any use in doing so.'

Mrs King shook her head sadly. 'It would be no use,' she said—'no use ! He would not come back. I fear he will never come back.'

It was very mysterious to Francis Gray. While he walked back to the Hall he tried to understand it. Whom did Charles King accuse, and how was his expressed resolution to punish the wrong-doer to be reconciled with his abandonment of his wife and daughter ? It would follow, apparently,

that the man he sought did not reside in that part of the country, a conclusion which only involved deeper mystery.

But Gray's anxious thoughts had reference less to the retributive determination of the late vicar than to his fugitive visit to Yewle the preceding night. It struck him most forcibly—as in a less degree it had appeared to Mrs King—that Charles King's appearance at the vicarage was merely incidental to some other purpose in coming to Yewle. And Rowan King was found dead in his chair next morning. It was impossible not to think of the two things together. There might be—there probably was—no connection between them, but the association was inevitable.

It was nearly midnight when Charles King left the vicarage, and he had gone into the park from the garden. Would it be possible, Gray asked himself, to discover, without awakening dangerous curiosity, whether he had visited the Hall? The French casement, opening from the study into a shaded nook of garden, had not been closed during the night. It was Rowan King's habit to secure it before retiring. Gray walked round there, but could discover no sign of foot-marks on the grass or gravel. He glanced through the casement with a shudder: the dead master of Yewle still occupied the chair, exactly as he had been discovered by the old butler that morning. The room was locked; and Stokes, as the oldest servant of the family, carried the key in his pocket.

Although the news of Rowan King's sudden death was over half the county before evening, there were no callers during the day except two or three privileged persons of the parish of Yewle—and Mr Richard King. Rowan King had passed so much of his life abroad, and at home had been so solitary and unsocial, that he was known in the county rather by name and character than personally. There was no one at Yewle to offer sympathy to; the only remaining member of the family being, as was supposed, a felon still undergoing sentence.

Richard King, when he came, stood six feet off and surveyed the dead man for several minutes in silence. Then, drawing a deep breath, he walked out of the room, which Stokes again locked. He only asked two questions of the butler. 'At what hour did you discover Mr King to be dead?'

'About half-past six, sir.'

'And had he been long dead, do you know?'

'How can I tell, sir? He felt cold, that's all I know, not being a doctor.'

'There will be an inquest, of course,' observed Richard King presently, 'and a post-mortem examination of the body by the doctors. I must return to Soucheater now. I will call at the vicarage first, to see Mrs King; but I will be here early to-morrow.'

The old servant's countenance changed at the mention of the 'post-mortem' and the doctors, and after a minute's uneasy hesitation he asked: 'Will they—will the doctors, do you think, sir, open Mr Rowan at the post-mortuum?'

'As a matter of course, Stokes. They must find out the cause of death for the coroner's jury.'

Richard King's horse was brought round, and he struck down the avenue in a gallop.

The old servant stood meditatively at the door, looking after him. 'I suppose it will be him,' he soliloquised, 'for I fear poor Mr Charles is out of it. He ain't a King, though; no, there's no Yewle blood in him. However, my days are not many now.' The old man moved slowly along a passage leading to the billiard room, or what had once been such, with his head bent and an expression of deep trouble on his face. 'God help us all!' he muttered, shaking his head—'God help us! The last of them. The end of a fine family: the race is going down in disaster, if you like.—And they mean to open Mr Rowan like a dead sheep? I'd rather let them open me—that I would.—Not,' added Stokes seriously, 'that Mr Rowan would care much, if he knew they were doing it, and they asked his leave; but when he doesn't know, and no leave asked, it makes a great difference—a great difference!'

Having delivered himself of these singular reflections, Stokes opened the door of the billiard room and went in. Francis Gray and a gentleman as aged as Stokes himself were sitting in the recess of a window.

'Mr Richard is gone,' said Stokes, halting in the middle of the room. 'He'll call at the vicarage, and be back here again early to-morrow.—I suppose,' he added regretfully, 'he'll be the master now; but he ain't a King—only in name. There's none of the Yewle blood in him.'

'Mr Richard was greatly shocked, I suppose?' inquired Gray.

'Not as I could see, Mr Gray. If he was, and I don't say he wasn't, he kept it down as well as Mr Rowan himself could have done. But Yewle is a fine place to come to, from a desk in a bank—so there's nature in it. But he said master was to be opened.—Will they do that, Dr Hayle?'

'I suppose they will, Stokes—I suppose they will,' answered the old doctor, slowly moving his head from side to side.

Stokes, as the old parish doctor—now long retired from the exercise of his profession—gave expression to this opinion, seemed to be convinced, for the first time, of the certainty of that which before had been at least open to doubt. The effect on the butler was remarkable, and at first quite an enigma to young Gray. His stout old frame seemed to undergo a convulsion, and the watery eyes gleamed with an angry light.

'You won't have anything to do with it, Dr Hayle?' he asked.

'No, Stokes; I'm not in practice now.'

'And if you was, Dr Hayle, one that knows the history of the family as well as you would have nothing to do with it. Will they be able to swear that he's dead, before they begin with their knives?—because, if they don't, Mr Rowan will soon be dead under their red hands!'

The old doctor moved uneasily in his chair and glanced at Francis Gray. He saw nothing in the young man's countenance but a look of surprise, occasioned by the language of Stokes and the butler's deep agitation.

'Stokes,' said the doctor solemnly, 'I'm afraid there's no doubt about Mr Rowan being dead. What the doctors will have to do will be to find out what he died from.'

'They are a clever sort, the doctors of these times,' replied the old butler derisively. 'Instead

of bleeding and blistering you, as used to be done when people lived longer, they stick their thimble-ends into your mouth and under your arm, and give you little spoonfuls of stuff, as if you was a child. They don't forget to charge just as much as if they done the right thing, neither. I suppose if these smart gentlemen, Dr Hayle, was here in the time of Hubert King, and the second Rowan, and old Mr Geoffrey that's at rest, they'd have straightway opened *them* too, and made an end of them? If they want to open somebody,' he exclaimed, 'let them open me!' The butler, being too excited to say more, turned quickly and left the room.

'The old man seems deranged, I fancy,' remarked Francis Gray to the doctor. 'What on earth does he mean?'

'Don't you know?' replied the doctor uneasily. 'The Kings have been a strange family,' he continued, lowering his voice reverentially—for, having been born under the shadow of Yewle, and lived all his long life in the parish, the old doctor participated to the full in the almost superstitious respect with which the family was regarded—'a strange family,' he repeated. 'If you were acquainted with their history, you would be at no loss to understand old Stokes. He does not believe that his master is dead.'

Gray looked astonished, and not the less so on account of the serious fashion in which Dr Hayle regarded the matter.

'The fact is, Mr Gray,' continued the doctor, 'the problem of life and death has been the pervading interest of the Kings for generations. Have you ever thought why the study should be filled, as it is, with medical works and books of physiology and the kindred sciences? You will find a collection of such books there, from the old black-letter to the latest work published of the kind. These have been the study of successive masters of Yewle.'

'I have noticed the books, of course, and have been much puzzled about them, such a collection is so unlike what a country gentleman would have. I once asked Mr King for the reason of the collection.'

'What did he say?' the doctor asked with much interest.

'He said nothing, but looked at me in such a way that I took care never to allude to the subject again.'

'Well, the explanation is this. The family has, as far back as memory or tradition goes, been subject to a strange condition of physical life—to a sudden cessation of animation, somewhat like that mysterious malady which is now commonly called catalepsy. Whereas, however, catalepsy is mostly confined to the female sex—as being subject in the greatest degree to the effects of mental emotion, its usual cause—no female of the King family has ever been known to fall a victim to the peculiar disease of their race. To be sure, there is in this connection the singular fact that during the last three generations only one female child has been born to the Kings of Yewle.'

'You mean Agnes King?'

'No. I was speaking of the masters of Yewle. The female I refer to is the mother of Richard King.'

'Then, was his father also a King?'

'His father was an attorney named Jones;

but after his marriage, Mr Jones—partly from vanity and partly to please his wife—changed his name to King, much to the wrath of Mr Geoffrey, who never acknowledged him in any way.—But to return to Yewle. You heard Stokes mention Hubert King, and the second Rowan King, and Mr Geoffrey, the father of Rowan and Charles. These were successively attacked by the family malady. It is to the case of the second Rowan King that the most pathetic interest is attached. He died, at a full age, about a hundred years ago; but my father remembered him and Lady Florence well, and often said that even when her glorious hair was white, she was the most beautiful woman in England.' Pausing a minute, the old doctor proceeded: 'The love of Rowan King for his wife was a wonderful thing. It was worship rather than love. When they were young and happy, they used to sit on summer evenings on the terrace beyond the drawing-room, and Rowan would have his wife let her splendid golden hair down, that he might admire it and bury his face in it for minutes at a time.—You have seen Lady Florence's portrait in the gallery? It is said to be only a dim reflection of her beauty—and her hair no man could picture on canvas. Well, one morning she found Rowan beside her, on awaking, stiff and lifeless. The doctors who came and examined the body pronounced it heart disease. When he was lying in the coffin, Lady Florence came down in the night and cut off every lock of her beautiful hair, that he had admired so much, and laid it on his breast.—Rowan King said himself afterwards, and never flinched from the faith till he died, that, conscious of what she was doing, the touch of this act of loving devotion and of her hot tears dropping on his face, awakened the current of life, and sent its thrill through his stiffened frame. Before morning, he was recovered. But every hair of the golden tresses was religiously preserved, and is still the most sacred heirloom of the family.'

'Where is it kept, Dr Hayle?'

'In the great safe in the study, enshrined in a casket that is studded with a fortune in precious stones. No King that has ruled in Yewle since then but has added to the value of that secret treasure. It is said,' added the doctor, with deep conviction, 'that the stones in that casket are worth a hundred thousand pounds.'

'And Mr Geoffrey King, too—was he also visited by the same malady?'

'Twice,' said the doctor. 'I saw him on both occasions myself. There was no sign by which the presence of life could be detected. The disease is an entirely peculiar and abnormal one. It was in Mr Geoffrey's time the new mausoleum was built, and all the coffins removed to it—that could be removed—from the family vault. Each occupies its own shelf. But so deep was his sense of the contact of life and death, that, years ago, he had three suites of coffins put in their places there—one for himself, and one for each of his two sons. Rowan's will be brought up to the Hall when the inquest is over.'

Francis Gray thought over this strange history for several minutes, and—though perhaps less deeply impressed with the history of the Kings of Yewle than the doctor and butler, who had

breathed in that atmosphere from childhood—he was no longer surprised at the scepticism of the latter as to his master being dead. Indeed, he began even to hope that it was possible Stokes might be right.

‘Dr Hayle,’ he asked at length, ‘do you think it possible that—that Rowan King may be really alive?’

The doctor hesitated, but after a minute or so answered: ‘If any other person put that question to me, Frank, I would not reply. I know, however, I can trust you; I would not trust old Stokes. Rowan King is dead, and I dread the inquest to-morrow for what it will certainly bring forth.’

‘Bring forth—what?’ cried Gray, with dim fear of some terrible climax approaching.

‘That Rowan King has been murdered. I noticed on his dark waistcoat what Stokes was too short-sighted to see. Heaven help us!—and I am of opinion the old man has some secret on his mind that oppresses him as much as his master’s death.’

So had Gray, after these words. He thought of Mrs King, that morning, uttering the fervent exclamation: ‘Not murdered? Oh, thank God for that!’ His heart fell, and for some time he could not speak.

‘Is it possible,’ he asked, ‘that Stokes really believes that his master may be still living?’

‘Who can tell? Do not attempt to contradict or doubt him; it could do no good.’

Dr Hayle left Yewle, and Francis Gray was alone with his thoughts. They were troubled and grievous thoughts. That Rowan King should have been murdered was very terrible to think of; but half the terror of it would have disappeared, had Gray been assured that the unfortunate Charles King—the father of Agnes!—had not been at Yewle the previous night. Richard King, too, must have heard of Charles King’s return. The craving in Francis Gray to bring comfort to mother and daughter before the inquest revealed the fatal truth, had the intensity of pain; but he could not face the vicarage again without the assurance that Rowan King’s brother had not been seen at Yewle. It was a dangerous inquiry to prosecute; but he made up his mind to discover what Stokes was holding back; and he knew it within half an hour.

HARES, THEIR HAUNTS AND HABITS.

THE Bill for a close time for English hares has again been dropped. His Irish relative has long enjoyed protection during the breeding season; but perhaps his case was made a party question, and therefore attended to. Yet we do not possess a single wild creature that so well deserves protection as the brown hare. He is very beautiful, does little damage, and is of considerable value as an article of food. In spite of the enormous numbers imported from Germany and Russia, he generally fetches from four to five shillings in the market; while live hares, for which there is a considerable demand, will command double that price.

When the Ground Game Act of 1880 was passed, a long close time ought to have been

fixed, for every one who knows anything of the habits of the creatures is well aware that they rapidly diminish in number if not protected. The first requisite for them is quiet, and this they are sure not to get when every tenant has a right to kill them. In March, and even April, the small holder constantly goes out with a gun to drive birds from the young corn, and any hare he sees is almost invariably fired at. On the whole, the Bill was a useful one; but in allowing no close time it overlooked that short-sighted selfishness from which not even the farmer is free. Hares are great travellers, and though they have, if undisturbed, regular beats, they often spend the day on a strange field. The farmer, a hard-working and frugal man, is, as he says, ‘wonderful fond of an owl heer,’ and quietly pots her in her seat. He knows well that he ought not to kill one after the beginning of March, but reflects that if he did not shoot her, his neighbour would do so.

It would be interesting to gather some rough estimate of the decrease in the number of hares in England during the last ten years. We will instance a parish in Suffolk in which in 1880 there were a fair number. Not a really large head, for not an acre in that or in any of the adjoining parishes was really preserved, but enough to give coursers a few pleasant days’ sport and to provide plenty for the harriers, while at the same time the few people who shot never hesitated to kill one. Yet all these hares were killed in the legitimate season, and no man tried to get more than his fair share. Last year, the most enthusiastic courser in the parish told us there was hardly a hare left, and that all round there was the same complaint.

In dry hilly districts the number used formerly to be immense. Old Cobbett in his *Rural Rides* gives an account of an ‘acre of hares’ which he saw on Salisbury Plain. The farmer and his son rode round a large field in different directions, and the hares ran like a flock of sheep to the centre. The Lincolnshire wolds and Berkshire downs carried nearly as many. On carefully-preserved land and in large woods immense numbers can be easily collected; but it requires a general forbearance over a wide area for any large head to be kept on open hill-country. Seven years ago two hundred were shot in two days on a farm in Berkshire. At the present time, though that particular spot has always been well preserved, it would be impossible to get half that number. If this has happened on preserved land, it is easy to imagine what is the state of unpreserved country, especially when let in small farms.

Not long ago several Cheshire landowners applied for the reduction of their game-rating on the ground of deterioration in the value of it. ‘You might as well try a churchyard for a hare as any part of my estate,’ said one. It should not be forgotten that a hare is both an easy and a profitable thing to poach. Few countrymen would wire a hare in the early summer on their own account, partly from a dislike to killing an animal in the breeding season, partly because they know it is really not fit for food; but if they can sell it to a game-dealer, all these considerations give way. The introduction of the

close season would impose a check on this sale of poached game.

If the winter has been mild and February is warm, hares breed very early. We have often known of leverets at least a fortnight old during the first week of March, and this in an exposed down country. No doubt, coursing tends to preserve hares; but we think that managers of coursing meetings set a very bad example in holding them often late in the spring. One meeting last season was advertised for the 1st of April, a full month later than ought to be permitted in the interests either of humanity or sport.

The number of leverets is generally two or three, though as many as five have been found. Sometimes the doe-hare chooses the stump of a clover rick or heap of waste straw to hide her young ones in, but generally they are dropped in the open. Even when quite young they are lovely little things; not blind, naked, and shapeless, like young rabbits, but bright-eyed furry animals, soon able to take pretty good care of themselves. For about a month they remain with the mother, who is a devoted parent. She has been known to defend them successfully against large hawks, springing up and striking the bird with her fore-paws. Some years ago there was a melancholy story in the *Field* of the way in which a raven was seen to outwit a hare. The bird pounced at a leveret; but the hare was too quick, and drove the raven off. As it slowly retreated, the hare followed, and whenever it came near the ground, sprang at it. The bird decoyed her to a considerable distance, then rose in the air and flew swiftly back. Before the hare could return, he had seized the screaming leveret and carried it off.

Hares are far more pugnacious animals than is generally imagined. Jack-hares in the pairing season will often fight till one is in a dying condition. Waterton once saw the end of a combat in which the conquered hare was so much injured that he died in a short time. A rabbit generally fights by springing over his adversary and giving a vicious stroke with his hind-feet as he does so. We have never seen a hare use this method. They stand on their hind-legs and spar with their fore-paws like boxers; and if they come to close quarters, bite severely. They are very powerful animals, and far more than a match for a cat. Cowper the poet once saw his cat—probably the famous pussy that interviewed the viper—scratch one of his tame hares which had annoyed it. The hare instantly rushed at her and hammered on her back with its fore-paws 'like drumsticks.' Had not her master quickly interfered, the cat might have been killed.

Probably no man has had so much experience with hares as Cowper, for one of his three pets lived to be nearly twelve, and another nearly ten years old. They were his constant companions, and he thus gained a remarkable insight into their characters. The only trait that the three had in common was their love of play. Even when quite old, Puss and Tiney used to gambol every evening in the parlour. Kingsley was right when he wrote of 'the merry brown hares.' In other respects they differed much: Bess was tame and fearless by nature, Puss was tamed by kindness; but old Tiney was never anything but a wild surly animal, hating to be touched, and

ready to bite if any liberty was taken with him.

Naturalists must always regret that the poet did not try the effect of matrimony on old Tiney's temper. All his hares were males, so that his notes, excellent though they are, do not add to our knowledge of the number of broods that a doe-hare has, or whether the male and female pair for the whole year. The general opinion on this latter point is in the negative; but where hares are scarce, we think they often stay long together. Certainly for nearly three months last year we used to see two hares, and only two, on a piece of uncultivated land on the hill-side. On another day we watched two hares and a couple of leverets, about the size of half-grown rabbits, feeding together. It was at the bottom of a deep valley in the downs, and from our post under an elder bush by the big fox earth on the north side we could command more than five hundred acres of open country, yet we could only see one hare beside our family party.

The animals always thrive best on poor dry soil. Wet land is not so fatal to them as to rabbits; and some marshes, especially those near the sea-coast, will carry a great number; but rich herbage is not suitable for them. In the sand-hills of Holland the hares are larger and in better condition than those in the meadow-land. Any person who has hunted them with beagles will know the difference in the run that a grass-fed hare in a valley and one that has lived on the poor but varied herbage of the wildest hill-country will give.

Cowper's hares were in the habit of eating considerable quantities of fine sand, probably to counteract the richness of their food. Like rabbits and sheep, those that live on low-lying land sometimes suffer from 'fluke,' that deadly disease, arising from eating the fresh-water snail. In the wet summer of 1879 almost every hare and rabbit on one farm in the Vale of White Horse died from this cause. Hares are scrupulously clean animals, and spend a considerable time in combing and brushing their coats. Their feet, so often used in putting on rouge for the stage, are admirably adapted for this. Rabbits are frequently infested with fleas; but it is rare to see one on a hare if the animal is in good health.

The doe goes with young about fifty days, and generally has two broods in the year, the last litter being born about the middle or end of July. Occasionally, quite young leverets are found in September, and we once trod on and killed a tiny little fellow in November; but these are exceptional cases. Unlike the rabbit, none of the young ones breed till the following year, so that there is no danger of their multiplying too rapidly; though, before the passing of the Ground Game Act, it was always possible that a shooting-tenant might increase the head of hares to such an extent that crops were seriously damaged. Even if the tenant farmer had leave to kill rabbits, the hares in the covers might damage the neighbouring turnip and wheat fields. Hares in a turnip field do more harm than a corresponding number of rabbits, as they nibble first one turnip and then tear a bite from another; while the bunny sits steadily down at one and makes a complete meal from it. Now the farmer is master of the situation, and the shooting-tenant at his

mercy. It speaks well for the former that it is very rare to hear of a case in which he has abused his right by disturbing winged game or waiting to shoot hares as they emerge from the covers; and in most of these cases his action is generally due to want of tact or generosity on the part of the shooter.

During the summer months, hares live largely in the standing corn. When this is cut in August, they seem at first much alarmed at the loss of their accustomed cover. In parts of Suffolk where woods were scarce they used generally, when harvest was ended, to pass the day in hedgerows; sleeping under the stumps of thick thorn-bushes, where hollows are formed by the dry earth gradually dropping into the ditch. If alarmed they sprang across the ditch, not like a rabbit, who almost invariably doubles up the bank and bolts out through the hedge. After a few weeks, they abandoned the hedges for the turnips and rough ploughs. Woods always hold them unless the winds are high, when they move to the sheltered side of a hill. The rustling of the trees prevents their hearing the approach of an enemy, and this danger outweighs the security they find in the copse.

If snow falls heavily, they will often lie till completely buried, and spend two or three days in a semi-torpid state. Their warm breath keeps a tiny hole open. In fact, they make what the Eskimos call an 'igloo,' like the female polar bear. If only a few inches fall, they are exceedingly wide awake, knowing how clearly they show on the white surface. Then one can see what long distances they travel at night, and also how close they come to villages. Even when not pressed by hunger, they will frequently visit the labourers' cabbages; and if snow is deep, they come regularly if not disturbed, and sometimes pay the penalty by being snared in their passage through the hedge.

From their tracks in the snow one can judge their pace. They have three ordinary rates of speed, which differ as much as those of a man walking, running a long-distance race, and sprinting over a short course. The first is the ordinary leisurely hop, with the back always more or less arched, when the different times at which the feet are placed on the ground can easily be seen; the second is a fast gallop with the ears pricked up, the hind-legs coming well under the body. When chased by dogs they use their full speed, but rarely at other times. The ears are then laid flat back, and the length of the stride is increased so much that the hind-feet can be seen nearly straight out behind the body.

They are exceedingly inquisitive animals, and their tracks in the snow show how closely they examine every strange object. A few days ago we were looking at a new galloping-ground which had just been prepared on the downs for the benefit of the Derby favourite 'Surefoot.' The clumps of coarse tussock grass had been mown, and many heaps of it had been placed along the sides of the track. To almost all of these, hares had paid visits. They had made comfortable seats in at least half of them, though it was most unlikely that they would stay there during the day, on account of the men still working close by, and the constant passing of the racers.

They vary considerably in colour, and also in

length of coat, the young hares having longer and rougher fur than the old ones. The winter coat is warmer than the summer one; but though albino hares are occasionally found, the common English variety does not change to white in winter, like the Scotch hare. In Holland we once saw one that was piebald. It had a large patch of white on its back. A friend of the Prince of Orange, to whom he had given the shooting, told us that he had often seen this animal, and carefully refrained from firing at it. These sand-hills were excellent ground for game, and in them and the meadows adjoining we used often to watch hares and rabbits. In the meadows we learned two things: first, that cows detest hares almost as much as they do dogs; and second, that hares can leap an immense distance. We have seen them clear a ditch twelve feet wide without an effort; and can well believe a story of a fen coursing-match where a hare was said to have cleared a drain twenty-two feet wide. Occasionally, a hare-drive used to be organised in North Holland. The guns were posted on the side of a dike while the beaters drove a great stretch of meadow-land towards them. The first sign of hares being afoot was given by the cows, who cocked their tails and began to charge viciously at the frightened animals. Between the cows and beaters, the attention of the hares was pretty fully occupied. Their eyes, too, are set so much at the side of their head that they do not see clearly objects exactly in front of them, and thus frequently come straight towards one of the guns, thinking only of avoiding those to the right and left. Sometimes, however, they were not too much alarmed to stop and reconnoitre. Then they always sat up with their heads on one side, caught sight of their enemy, and made off in another direction.

Like the English hares, they were very ready to take to water, and often swam wide ditches when the covers were beaten.

Swift and wary though hares are, many are killed by foxes. They never trouble to run a hare down, but hide near some well-beaten track from a copse to a turnip-field, and spring on a hare as she passes. But by far the most deadly enemy that they have is the stoat. Numbers of leverets, and even full-grown hares, fall victims to these bloodthirsty little animals. Sometimes a pack will unite to hunt one down; more frequently they work single-handed. As they are fond of hunting in hedgerows, more hares are killed by them in enclosed than in open country.

When buzzards, harriers, and the larger hawks were more numerous in the British Isles, hares and their young had still worse foes. The chief prey of the golden eagle was the mountain hare. This species differs considerably from the English one in size, shape, colour, and habits. It is considerably smaller; the hind-legs are not so long in proportion, and above all, in winter it turns white. This never occurs in the case of the brown hare, the winter coat being generally darker than the summer one.

To give an account of the methods in which men capture hares would be to write a history of poaching. Wires, gins, nets, lurchers, guns, all are brought into play. Yet, in spite of the number of its enemies and the defencelessness of

the animal, it is not even allowed to rear its young in peace.

It seems as if the ancient dislike to hares, which is so marked in old superstitions, still existed. The belief in witches taking this shape has indeed died out with the belief in witchcraft; but the ill-luck attending a hare that crosses one's path is constantly deprecated. In Germany the same superstition holds ground. One day when driving near Wittenberg we saw a hare crossing a field towards the road. A buzzard made a swoop at it, and the hare took refuge in some bushes. 'Ah,' said a lady in the carriage, 'that is good; it did not cross the road, so we can go on in safety!' Another belief is that the appearance of a hare in a village, unless driven there by pursuit, is a sign of a fire. 'It is as true as the gospel,' said a Berkshire man to us one day. 'Twice I have known it happen at my home, and in the next parish. A hare was seen coming down the street in the morning, and each time there was a bad fire before night.'

HENDRIK SWANEPOEL'S PROMISED LAND.

CHAPTER V.—A HUNTER'S IDYLL—LIFE AT SWANEPOEL'S RUST.

THE next morning Farquhar was awakened pretty early by a light sweet voice from the garden. Listening, he heard Bina singing a quaint and rather absurd old Dutch song, running thus:

Ah, my dear Alie Brand, the darling of my heart,
Let us our fleecy flocks no longer run apart;
Say me but the word, my darling Alie Brand,
And to-morrow to the town I'll ride and at the
Pastor's stand.

My father and my mother are growing gray and old,
And when the time comes that they die, will fall to
me much gold;

A farm then I shall buy and store of cattle fair,
Wherefore, my darling Alie, I pray thee hear my
prayer.

Rising and dressing quickly, he was soon out in the sweet morning air. If he had thought the surroundings fair yesterday, it looked ten-fold fairer this morning, before the heat of early summer lay full upon it. A little way from the house stood a mighty baobab, a veritable giant, even amongst these giant trees of Africa. Up and down the mighty bole two varieties of gaudily-plumaged woodpeckers roved clingingly, tapping here and there in search of food. One brilliant in scarlet, gray, green, glossy black, brown, and yellow; the other, yellow spotted with ruddy brown, black-tailed, black-backed, and black-banded as to his yellow chest, and crested as to his black head. In the branches, finches and small birds of various kinds cheeped and chattered, and the delicately beautiful Damara doves cooed softly. All around this side of the house, a well-kept wilderness of the lovely flowers blossomed in bewildering colour and

profusion. Upon the other side of the house, fruits of many kinds, peaches, apricots, bananas, oranges, grapes, quinces, nectarines, melons, and others already flourished or gave promise of abundant harvest.

As he stood for a moment by the round pool, admiring its pellucid depths and the lilies lying upon its cool bosom, a brilliant vley-lory, disturbed from its repast in some thicket near at hand, flew across him, flashing its plumage of shining green and steely blue and its wonderful carmine wings to the sunlight; and the next instant, its disturber, Bina Swanepoel, came quickly round the path and straight up to the Englishman. She was followed by a tiny mountain antelope, that leaped and gambolled as it ran. Fresher than the dawn, a smile of unmistakable pleasure lighting up her handsome face, she came round the fountain, and was met halfway by Farquhar. There was about this fair daughter of the wilderness a fresh and piquant charm, that had for the young hunter an irresistible attraction. What wonder, then, that the morning kiss should have gained a trifle in tenderness since yesterday!

'Good-morning, Mistress Bina. You are up very early. What have you been doing besides airing your voice? I hope employing your time profitably?'

'Indeed, yes, Mynheer Farquhar. I have fed all my ducks and chickens and the tame bucks. You know we have quite a number—two young koodoos, a rooibok, and three elands, besides Bergman, my little "klipbokkie" here.' At the sound of his name the little antelope cocked his large ears, and with his great melting brown eyes turned upon his mistress, looked up inquiringly. 'Isn't he a darling? He is so good, and follows me everywhere. Presently he shall have his breakfast with us—shan't you, Bergman?'

Bergman, at the mention of the word breakfast—in Dutch of course—gave a leap from his short sturdy legs and frisked madly round. It was a charming scene, the young man thought to himself, as he looked upon the glorious vegetation, the beautiful little antelope, and the fair girl—quite an idyll. For, like most hunters, Farquhar had, half unknown to himself, a keen eye for beauty, an ardent love of nature.

'Do you know,' he broke forth, 'this is a most charming place of yours? I don't wonder at Hendrik Swanepoel outspanning for life in such a spot. I almost feel tempted to end my days here myself.'

'Oh!' exclaimed the girl quickly, 'I wish, I wish you would! How delightful it would be! I could then have you always to talk to and go about with. You are so different from all our young men here. But then in time you would want a wife, and that would be a difficult thing to find for you. I don't see how it could be managed. There is Katrina, certainly, and Jacie and Sabina; but I don't think they would quite do for you, somehow.' Then suddenly, some vague half-defined hope passing through her brain warned her that she was upon ground dangerous and unknown; she paused, flushed slightly, and turned the conversation.—'Yes, Hendrik Swanepoel when he found this valley declared he had reached his Promised Land. But you must not think that everything then was as

it is now. A hundred years has made some difference, I warrant you. Our garden has been vastly improved and added to; and I myself have brought many of these flowers and ferns from the country round, and planted and tended them. I planted and trained, too, the passion-flower and the jasmines that you see climbing up the house and upon the terrace. Ours is quite the best garden in the valley, and we are proud of it.—Do you know, Mynheer Farquhar, I cannot tell you how glad I am to have found you. There is so much I want to know. I have read over and over again almost all our books; and I have learned just a little English from two old books we have; and I want to know so many many things that you can tell me.—But come now!—taking his hand in hers—'breakfast must be ready, and we will go in.'

A cheery greeting was Farquhar's from all within the house. Every face beamed with delight as he entered. His presence must have seemed to them like manna in the wilderness, water from the desert fountain. New interests, new ideas surged in upon them, and hour after hour passed swiftly by in the imparting of news and history from the lost world. It was a strange experience. Imagine a well-informed Egyptian, a 'friendly' of course, suddenly casting up among the Israelites towards the end of their long trek in the wilderness, and bringing to their eager ears forty years' news of the Pharaohs and their ancient land, and of the outer world generally, and you may have some inkling of Farquhar's position among these voer-trekkers in their promised land.

The day was quickly spent in introducing the Englishman to the rest of the Settlement, in inspecting the crops and vineyards, the horses, all sprung from the original 'salted' stock of the first Swanepool. (A salted horse is one that has safely undergone the horse sickness, so fatal in South Africa. The value of such a horse is greatly enhanced, especially in the interior.) The oxen and cows, goats and sheep, all or nearly all indigenous to the district, were also examined. The sheep were of the hairy fat-tailed species; the oxen and cows were small, having immensely long horns, and seemed to have thriven famously.

A week passed rapidly. Each day Farquhar rode out through the poort into the country around, accompanied sometimes by Gert and others of the male settlers, sometimes only by Bina. Some great hunts were got up among the numerous antelopes that swarmed everywhere, and many a head of gallant game was laid low. In these expeditions the settlers used only bows and arrows and assegais. Farquhar learned that under one of the old Rules of the Settlement the ten or twelve old-fashioned flint pieces brought with him by Hendrik Swanepool, were, in order to preserve them for the most momentous occasions, such as the defence of the Settlement, hardly ever used, although always kept clean and in order. Hendrik had, with keen foresight, brought with him from the Cape the recipe for preparing gunpowder; and after several years' fruitless search, had discovered at some distance deposits of sulphur near some hot natural baths. This discovery, with the saltpetre, found without much difficulty, and the careful manufacture of certain

wood-ashes, had enabled him to renew the gunpowder supply whenever required. Occasionally, if an expedition of war had to be undertaken against outlying Bushmen and other troublers of their flocks, the firearms were taken out and used, as being more formidable engines of terror among the barbarians. Seventy years back, the tribe of Bushmen through which the settlers had fought a passage, had been punished; and since then, they had kept to their own mountains and the plains beyond, where they were never disturbed.

The Boers displayed extraordinary skill with their bows and arrows and in throwing the assegai. Originally, they had been taught by some tamed Bushmen in their service; but they had discarded the tiny poisoned weapons of these people for stout bows and strong arrows, and being almost without exception very strong muscular men, their shooting was something wonderful. An eland would be ridden into and despatched with a single arrow through the heart. Even the tall giraffe, tough though his hide and enormous his vitality, succumbed when galloped to a stand-still, before the sharp heavy arrows of these Dutch archers. The favourite plan of campaign was a drive of game past some of the shooters in ambush. Then, as the antelopes came flying by, bows twanged, Farquhar's rifles would rattle out; and at short ranges the bowmen scored almost equally as well as the gunners, for the Englishman lent his spare weapons to his delighted allies.

Riding hither and thither day after day over a magnificent and diversified country, ever beholding fresh scenes in an altogether unexplored and most interesting part of Africa, nearly always accompanied by Bina, who knew usually far more of plants, animals, and places even than the mankind accompanying them, Farquhar never enjoyed life more. The terrain was elevated and healthy, game was extraordinarily abundant, elephants and rhinoceroses especially so. These owed their immunity to their tough hides and the rare use of firearms by the Swanepoels, and were often seen, elephants in hundreds, and rhinoceroses in scores. Indeed, the settlers begged Farquhar to employ his rifles as much as possible against the truculent black rhinoceroses, which were not seldom, from their fierce habits, a source of danger. Lending his spare rifles to three or four of the settlers, who shot wonderfully well, considering their want of practice, some forty or fifty of these huge creatures were easily slain in a few weeks, and many of the remainder then moved off for a less dangerous vicinity. A few elephants carrying magnificent teeth were also shot; but Farquhar by this time had as much ivory as he could carry, and desisted from useless slaughter.

Various kraals of the Bakotwas were visited. The Englishman was surprised to find so fine a race of natives in this region, where the true negro type was more to be looked for. These people were of a handsome bronze-brown colour, tall and well formed, and having features slightly aquiline. Like the Bechuanas, they buried their dead with their feet pointing to the north-east; and from this fact and other noticeable peculiarities, Farquhar judged that, like the Kaffirs, Zulus, Bechuanas, and others of the Bantu race,

they came originally from north-east Africa, and were probably of Egyptian or Arab origin in the remote past. Like the Bechuanas, they called one of their antelopes the T'sesseby; and Farquhar wondered if there were not some connection between this name and the Tzebi of the Hebrews, translated into our Bible as the roe. Possibly he was right in his surmise; possibly the thing was nothing more than a strange coincidence. As he looked upon the tall, well-set-up males, and the proud handsome-looking females of these tribesmen, he was not astonished that Hendrik Swanepoel had mated his sons with young and christianised women picked from the Bakotwas. Certainly the strain had done no harm, but rather, as it seemed, good to the youthful settlement, by imparting a touch of fire and impetuosity to the sluggish Batavian blood. From the kind treatment of the first Swanepoel, continued by his successors, and from the still remembered alliance of blood, a firm friendship, useful on either side, existed between the settlers and the Bakotwas.

In their excursions, Farquhar Murray and the Dutch maiden saw much of one another. He on his part was astonished to find how much of knowledge, considering the scant opportunity she had had and the scarcity of books, the girl had acquired. True, her learning was almost absurdly antique. She spoke of Fontenoy and Dettingen, and even of Marlborough's wars in Flanders, and of those of William III. of England, as of events of yesterday. Her generation thus isolated in savage Africa knew not of Frederick the Great, or the French Revolution, or Napoleon the devastator, or of the conquest of Holland and its Bonaparte king. But of all these things and a thousand more, Bina thirsted to hear; and Farquhar, utterly surprised to find a Boer girl thus eager for knowledge, and even well informed according to her dim lights, did his best, although it taxed his memory somewhat, to impart the much required instruction. In truth, it was a delightful course of free-and-easy perambulatory lectures. Each day the girl acquired a further knowledge of English; each day, on his part, the young man learned some new and interesting fact in natural history, for Bina was an acute observer, and knew the mysterious ways of the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air almost as if by intuition.

And so the pleasant days rolled on. Over many a rude and rugged mountain, through many a mile of fair forest-land, across many a league of rolling grassy plain, the two wandered, hunting, teaching, learning. Shut up in the dim recesses of her African home, the one, after long searching with blindfold yet eager mind, brought at last suddenly face to face with the bright and flashing pages of history, and knowledge from the outer world now first laid bare to her; the other watching with a keen delight and ever-increasing interest the progress of so apt and charming a pupil. And as Bina gradually came to appreciate—however dimly at first—the immense interests, the ages upon ages of learning stored up within that outer world, the ever-increasing thirst for discovery, the age of steam and electricity and other marvels, almost to her, and quite to her family, impossible for the present to be comprehended, she, hitherto walking proudly alone in the dark and narrow

paths of knowledge open to the Settlement, now seemed to lose something of the old independent spirit, and day by day to lean more and more upon her new friend and instructor. And almost imperceptibly, too, there rose presently within her breast, erected by some inward monitor of the soul feminine, a subtle barrier of maidenly reserve, which, at first dormant and unneeded, now steadily sprang up, putting rein upon the outspoken boy-like spirit that had erstwhile so laughingly met the greeting of the handsome Englishman. Farquhar felt the change, but, man-like, could for the present but dimly fathom it.

In the afternoons, when the work or the hunt was over, while the men smoked and chatted on the terrace, Vrouw Swanepoel and Bina steadily worked with deft fingers at the spinning-wheels, and fashioned fabrics of flax, of cotton, and of wool. The evenings, after the hot African day, were in these high uplands singularly cool and refreshing. Sometimes Bina's clear fresh voice would trill forth some quaint Volkslied of the old Netherlands or ballad of Van Tromp and Ruyter and their battles; sometimes Farquhar, who had a good baritone voice, would sing for them; sometimes others of the settlers would be asked up; and Andries, who, like many Hottentots, could fiddle a little, would be sent for, and would draw from his grimy old violin a merry strain for the dancers. These dances were, however, not things of unmixed joy for the Englishman. He found the rest of the little Settlement, although no whit behind the Cape Boers in intelligence—indeed, on the whole much more educated and refined—very uninteresting, very different from Jacobina, herself apparently, by some freak of fancy, a paragon amid a mass of mediocrity.

IN A GARRISON INSTRUCTOR'S OFFICE.

Among the staff officers attached to each of the more important British military centres, at home or abroad, is one officially known as the Garrison Instructor. The actual army rank of this officer may vary a little according to circumstances, but his function is in every instance practically the same: it consists in the 'instruction' of young officers in such professional matters, for example, as military law, tactics, and fortification. He is assisted, in what may be described as the out-of-door department of the course of instruction, by a sergeant of the Royal Engineers, who, among other things, requires to be an adept in regard to surveying, the construction of hastily-put-together bridges, the tying of an extraordinary variety of knots, and the like. The sergeant, again, has a subordinate in the form of an orderly, who is 'struck off duty' for this post by one of the regiments in garrison, at whatever station.

At some places there is still a dearth of suitable accommodation for the Garrison Instructor, his class, and their appliances; but in the great 'standing' camps of the south of England buildings have been established for this special purpose. These structures and their internal fittings present many well-marked features in common, so much so, indeed, that a brief account

of any one of them and its surroundings is virtually applicable to all.

On approaching such an 'office,' which is a one-story edifice, and of little architectural pretension, a stranger's attention might be arrested by noticing an enclosure in line with it, or at least on obtaining a glimpse of the contents of this space. These include a number of curious basket-like objects and a great store of osiers; yet the wicker-ware is of a design unknown in every-day life. Here, too, are piles of what at a distance look somewhat like cigars of Brobdingnagian proportions. There are also numerous bags or sacks, just like those we have often seen being conveyed away from flour-mills, together with quite a forest of stakes driven into the ground, some in circles, others in parallel lines. These last have a peculiar, perhaps a slightly absurd aspect; and later on we shall more closely inspect them, as well as the other mysteries of the enclosure. Before entering the office, however, there is another feature of the vicinity that is remarkable—a small but formidable-looking redoubt, which stands in a piece of vacant land. Though this earthwork seems to bear no traces of having been attacked, there may be observed near it approaches, or 'parallels,' obviously made with the eventual intention of an assault; and in these trenches some of the cigar-like objects already noted are lying about. There is evidence, too, of wicker-work here and there on the parapets of the fortification itself.

Stepping into the office, in the morning and previous to the arrival of the officers, we find the orderly-man engaged in what at first sight appears to be a rather puerile occupation. In a corner of the spacious apartment is a strong-legged table, bearing a box or trough some eight feet square by two feet deep. This is full of sand, which the soldier is alternately watering from a large watering-pan, and turning over with one of a number of gardeners' trowels lying near by. Finally, he reduces the sand to a nice level surface. At a subsequent hour of the day, however, a surprising change has passed over the surface of the sand—an elaborate series of fortifications has risen, as if by magic, in the trough; and it is now plain that the maternal operations of the orderly are chiefly those that we see carried out, in the case of less scientifically built forts, by the tide when flowing on the sea-beach.

In another part of the room stands a model, larger in area than a billiard table, of a tract of country. Here are villages, ranges of hills, plantations, rivers with bridges crossing them, and so on. This contrivance, of course, is used for the 'War Game;' and on various parts of it may be seen the (metal) bodies of troops that shared in the great conflict of the preceding day. Some of these battalions are coloured red, others blue. The orderly, with a particular kind of cue, gathers the late opposing forces to the margin of the table, afterwards subjecting the district of country, rivers and all, to a careful dusting. In addition to the above appliance, there is here a form of map which is also employed for the War Game. It comprises a far greater portion of the earth's surface than the model, and is pasted on blocks of wood about

an inch thick, and eighteen inches or so square, which can be placed in juxtaposition as required, much in the same way as in the instance of the puzzle-maps for children sometimes seen. Like the model, the map has its quota of red and blue combatants, who, when not actively engaged, are kept in a box along with the disjointed sections of their scene of operations.

The Instructor illustrates his prelections by means of diagrams on a blackboard placed at the end of the room; and the clearness of these delineations is much enhanced by the sponging of the board with ink in the morning by the orderly. At long tables, one or two at each, sit the officers. Here, besides listening to the Instructor, they have to elaborate the sketches made when surveying the neighbouring country with the assistance of the sergeant of Engineers, who is usually a proficient in this branch of his calling. They also make plans of fortifications, as well as drawings of other kinds; and after their departure, it is occasionally observed that a few of the drawings are not strictly of a professional nature—landscapes and other 'studies' in Indian ink lie on one or two tables. Now and then, during the progress of the course, the Instructor calls upon the sergeant, who sits writing at a table in a somewhat isolated position, to 'bring the ropes.' Accordingly, he produces from a press a number of pieces of rope, each about a yard and a half in length. He also brings another quantity of ropes; but these are tied in a great variety of knots, some quite simple, others considerably complicated. The sergeant distributes the knots about the room, and the young officers proceed to make copies of them upon the first-mentioned lengths of rope.

As has already been hinted, a good deal of the officers' time is passed in the open air. At the commencement of their course, for instance, the redoubt we noticed standing in the neighbourhood was non-existent, and has since been thrown up partly by the actual manual labour of the officers, who thus acquire a really practical knowledge of the erection of earthworks. This redoubt has been built in no haphazard fashion. Before it was begun, plans of its parapets, escarp, and so on, might have been seen lying on the tables within the office; while the orderly-man no doubt remembers having demolished a precisely similar though miniature stronghold in the sand-trough. At no great distance, again, from the above fortification is a natural ravine, which would present an obstacle to the advance of an army. But this has been bridged over with wooden beams; and it is noticeable that the woodwork is for the most part fastened together not with nails or bolts, but by lengths of rope, tied in ingenious ways. Though not of a permanent character, the bridge has required some care in its building; it might possibly be capable of bearing the passage of field artillery.

At the beginning of the present paper we alluded to an enclosure adjacent to the Garrison Instructor's office. On arriving at the entrance to this quarter, one may see painted over the doorway the words 'Gabion Yard.' Within the yard, among other things, are the circles of stakes previously remarked. These are embryo

gabions, which, after being properly wattled with osiers or young hazel branches and uprooted from the ground, are ready to be placed on parapets and filled with earth; or, if stuffed with brushwood, they may be rolled along and set up as a temporary protection to the men of a storming-party. Here are also shorter stakes set in the earth in parallel rows. Between the rows, which may be two feet or farther apart, branches are forced, and afterwards bound together with withes of osiers, the result being fascines—the elongated, cigar-shaped objects we observed from a distance. Fascines measure about twelve feet in length. They are easily carried, so that the ditch of a fort can be quickly filled up with them, and a passage made for the assault; they are also useful in the construction of such works, for example, as the ‘parallels’ near the redoubt. In the yard, too, are heaps of sandbags of various sizes. With these, when they are at hand, a parapet can be made much more rapidly than with earth.

At length the conclusion of the course of instruction arrives. The long tables are cleared by the officers of their books, instruments, and drawings—any Indian ink landscapes left behind being consigned to the waste-paper basket by the sergeant, who also covers up with a cloth the model, and locks away the other War Game apparatus in a box. Under his superintendence one strong fatigue-party razes the redoubt to the ground; while another takes to pieces the wooden bridge, depositing its materials in the Gabion Yard. Then the Garrison Instructor, before ‘going on leave,’ removes from the office his private belongings; and the orderly levels the sand in the trough for the last time, dispensing, however, on this occasion with his watering-pan. Finally, the sergeant of Engineers pulls down the blinds, locks the door, and hands over the key to the officials of the Barrack Department.

HUMOUR AT SCHOOL.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS.

By H. J. BARKER.

THE annual examination of girls' schools, and even the ordinary class-questioning of the mistresses, are often productive of diverting specimens of girlish naïveté and humour. As a rule, the children's written composition exercises or essays afford a larger quota of humour than the oral class answers. Nevertheless, the transparent ingenuousness which frequently characterises the latter imparts an equally attractive feature.

A London schoolmistress once obtained an answer so curious a nature, that it is questionable whether it should be referred to the category of mere ingenuousness or of positive juvenile wit. The lady had been taking her first-class girls in that pathetic portion of the closing chapters of Genesis which deals with the reconciliation of Joseph to his conscience-stricken brethren. After the lesson she gave a recapitulatory oral examination. By means of ‘question and answer’ she elicited from the girls how Joseph ‘could not refrain himself’ in the presence of his brethren, but wept aloud before them;

how he cried, ‘I am Joseph—doth my father yet live?’ how he told them that they must return to Canaan, and straightway bring back the aged patriarch; and finally, how the great wagons were brought out for the journey.

‘And now,’ continued the mistress, ‘what did kind Joseph give to his brothers before they started?’

Of course she expected the reply, ‘Provisions and changes of raiment.’ However, this was *not* the answer she received.

‘Yes, *you* may tell me,’ she said, pointing to one of the girls in front.

‘Some good advice!’ responded the pupil.

‘Whatever do you mean?’ inquired the puzzled lady.

‘Why, madam,’ replied the girl, ‘Joseph, knowing that his brothers were not accustomed to the use of wagons, thoughtfully said to them, “See that ye fall not out by the way!”’

During an etymology lesson, a mistress obtained an answer from a girl which may be characterised both as ingenuous and ingenious. The lady was dealing with the common nouns and their cognate abstract forms. In order to ensure that the class should thoroughly apprehend the subject of her discourse, she took care to put before them the very plainest examples; such as (common noun) judge; (abstract noun) justice: (common) coward; (abstract) cowardice; &c.

She then surmised that she might safely venture to elicit from the girls themselves a few examples of such cognate forms. Accordingly, towards the close of the lesson she made the request.

After some time, one child timidly raised her hand.

‘There’s a good girl,’ said the teacher; ‘now, what is your example of these common and abstract forms?’

‘Please, ma’am,’ answered the girl, ‘(common) body; (abstract) bodice!’

I need scarcely remark that the governess decided that her class required at least one additional lesson, before being subjected to a searching examination.

The first essay which I present is the effusion of a girl in attendance at a poor school at the East end. The subject for composition was ‘Dreams.’

‘Dreams are those queer short tales which come into your head when you are asleep. The boys have them as well as girls and women. They are not true. If you have had a good supper, they are rather longer, and not quite so true. Meat or fried fish makes them very long. When you have no supper at all, you either do not dream, or else you can’t remember them. We genelly dream some dreams over and over again.

‘I have two short dreams which I have had a many times, but my brother has more which he can remember, and my mother has one nightmare, she says. I do not know why my father never says he has any dreams, except it is because they are so long he hasnt the time to remember them.

‘I oftens dream that I am a baby, and my mother is tyetying me up and down in her arms, and singing chickachick chuck to me. Then I always say, “Why, mother, hark! that’s the

school bell ringing!" and she always says, "So it is; chuck off to school with you, quick! I forgot as you wasn't a baby." That is all I dream about that dream.

'The other is about dreaming I am one of Mr Mason's pretty pigeons. I sing chickachick, and then I fly up on to Mr Mason's pigeon house slates. As soon as I am nicely up there, and looking down over, I turn into a girl again. Then my mother always gets Mr Mason's ladder, and fetches me down, and smacks me on the arms for climbing up. Them slaps always seem to stop my dreaming, else to wake me up.

'My brother says he is always on at dreaming that the policeman is taking him to the station, and he never can wake till they are just marching him up the steps to the inside. He says he wakes up directly he gets to the top step; and he can always hear himself just shouting out something after he's waked. He can never find out, he says, what he's shouting out; but he can remember that it always looks very dark inside the station passage, and a lot of policemen's eyes shining at the end.

'Another dream he has only dreamed a few times, and he tells it us over his breakfast, when he says that mother breaks his dream by only giving him the tail end of our breakfast herrin. His dream is that he sees a big thing running about just shaped like a pig, only the colour and smell of a bloater. Then he tries to catch it, thinking what a lot of bloater he's going to have for his share; but the pig always gets away and leaves nothin but its tail in his hand. He says it makes him feel wild every time as he dreams that dream.

'My mother only has one nightmare dream which I have herd her tell. She looks through our parlor window, and there she sees the old Jew rag and bone man standing on the other side of the street. He is larfing and looking at her, and he holds five gold sovrins up in his fingers, and cries out, "What do you think, missis? Your grandmother has died, and left you these five sovrins; but you have to come out and get them in one minite, else they have to go to that cuzin of yours." Then she rushes to the door, and opens it to run across to him. But just as she jumps off the step on to the pavement, the wind always bangs the door to behind her, and catches her dress. Then she turns round savage, and pulls and tares at her dress till she has got herself freed; but when she looks across the road again, the old rag and bone man has gone, and she can only just hear him shouting out round the corner, "Too late, missis! it has to go to that cuzin of yours." And mother says that she then wakes up screaming ever so, and finds herself taring and scratting at the bedclothes, else at father's back.'

The next selection is taken from a girl's Scriptural exercise on 'Hagar and Ishmael.' There is a display of genuine sympathy in the child's essay, which is as refreshing as it is typical. After an opening paragraph, in which she gives a graphic description of the domestic arrangements of the patriarch Abraham's household (but which, from certain considerations, I am constrained to omit), the little essayist proceeds:

'And behold, those two wives, Sarah and Hagar, were always quareling about things,

Hagar telling Sarah as she laughed in God's face when he told her as she was going to have a baby, and Sarah telling poor Hagar as she was not a regular real wife, so she needn't talk. Wives which were not regular were called Jewish bondwomen. One extrer one was allowed by God, so that it was not a sin.

'Also it came to pass that Sarah told nasty tales to Abraham, and asked him to turn poor Hagar and her little boy Ishmael out of doors. And behold, Abraham believed her. But before turning them out, Abraham kindly gave them a good loaf of bread and a bottle of water. So they walked out into a wilderness, eating the loaf and drinking out of the big bottle. They slept on the ground all night, and the next day poor Ishmael and his mother did nothing else but cry for want of vickuals. Then Hagar saw that her dear boy was drawing his breath quick as if he was dying, and she kneeled down on the grass and prayed to God as loud as she could, and looking at her little boy drawing his breath quick.

'And behold, while Hagar was praying like that, God heard her, and sent His angil with another loaf and bottle, and told Hagar to cheer up, because her darling boy Ishmael should not die, but should grow up to be a great man called Arabien of the Desert, and should possess herds of camels and goats.'

The next essay is upon the subject of 'Home,' and is from the pen of a girl in the second class of a National School. The reader will at once gather that the child's own 'home' is located in one of the blind alleys not far from the 'silver-flowing Thames.'

'We call that place Home where our father and mother lives. Number 2, — Court, is my home. There is a girl called Milly Pearson lives a few doors from us whose father is just now working in a town called Bedford forty miles away she says. And he sends his wages to her mother every week. Her brother Ben lives with him. But Ben's home is not that house at Bedford where he lives with his father; but his home is same as Milly's home, where Mrs Pearson lives, number 5 of our Court.

'I wish our home was as niced as theirs. But O it never will be, so long as my dear silly father drinks so. My mother besides has half a pint of beer to her dinner, and to her supper, and rather more on Sundays, and a bottle in the cuboard which she never lets me go with. So we havnt a carpit in our room. Only oilcloth. Mr Pearson never gets drunk, Milly says, and Mrs Pearson is a teetoteller, and Milly is a Band of Hope. And they have a niced carpit in their room. The oilcloth in their back room is better than the one in our front. I am only waiting for mother to buy me a fresh frock and things, and then I shall go with Milly Pearson to the Band of Hope room. I spend a deal of time with Milly, although she is older than me. She sometimes makes me cry with the niced storeys she tells me, and the things she gives me.

'There is a song which we sing at school, which makes me sometimes tremble while we are singing it. The lines which makes me feel the quearist are, "Mid pleasures and palices though we may rome, be it ever so humble, theres no place like Home." It makes me think

of our Court, and my father, and what a happy home ours would be if it wasnt for all them pennys going in beer. Will our home ever be more like Home than it is, I wonder.

'I always do my home-lessons at Milly Pearson's, because their house is so quiet inside, and Milly can do money substractions and dividings so easy, even when its thousands of pounds and plenty of borroing and carry one. My mother says she cant aford burning a lamp for me to do home-lessons; and that the gas-lamp in the Court is good enough for her. I am very sorry for mother that oil is so dear. She says as it isnt wurth buying, because it isnt no better than water about our place. I always add up my mother's shoppin book for her when it gets to the bottom of the page, and she makes me go up and down it several times to see if I cant make it come no less. She says the colour man never went to the School Board, and makes all sortser mistakes. I think my mother is right, because he doesnt shape his figures same as Third or Fourth Standard. He leaves out all his dits, and doesnt rule his lines. Also his ds are Capitle ones, and he doesnt count his farthings right in his answer at the end.

'I remember a very true storey which the Mistress has told us, showing how dearer our home and our country seems to be when we have left them never to return. There is a bird called a lark which everybody has seen fluttering against the wires in them little cages with turf inside of them in the bird shops. But the Teacher says that in the country this bird is to be seen and heard for nothing in every English field. I do so wish as one of the dear little things would come and sing above our Court. Well that was just how some great strong miners felt out in Australia. They wished to hear the sweet voice of the lark again, which they knew was singing up above the fields thousands of miles away. And at last one morning as they was going to work they actully did hear it. Then they follerd the sound till they came to a poor old woman's cottage, and there they saw the lark singing in a wicker cage just outside the door. Then those men stood and looked and listened, and listened, and they thought of their English homes, and the fields, and the sky, and the Teacher said as they stood there before that little bird till the tears rolled down their cheeks. What does she mean by saying that the lark looks like a speck in the clear blue sky. She always says that. I should so like to see what she means.'

During an examination in New Testament history a north-country Diocesan Inspector received a very practical reply from one of the girls in a church school. In the course of his examination he put certain questions to the class on the twenty-second chapter of St Luke's gospel. In this chapter there is an account of the manner in which Christ and his disciples kept the pass-over.

Presently, he asked: 'What *was* this unleavened bread which Christ so frequently mentions?'

The question appeared to puzzle the class considerably. Probably, not a single one of the children had ever seen or tasted the article.

The Inspector waited patiently, and at the same time he assured the class how very pleased he would be with any child who answered the

question. At length, one plump little girl in the body of the class eyed the Inspector courageously, and elevated her hand.

'Well,' said the Inspector, 'what do you say unleavened bread is, my little girl?'

'Please, sir,' she replied, without shifting her eyes from his face for one moment, 'it'll mean home-made!'

'Home-made?' the gentleman ejaculated. 'Well, yes, my child, I suppose it would be home-made. But explain to me your answer more fully.'

'Why, sir,' the little dame glibly responded, 'Jesus was always a saying, "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees;" and he knew that if he could only get his follerers to make their own bread, the wicked Pharisees would never have a hand in it, but would have to throw their nasty old leaven away!'

One of Her Majesty's Inspectors was once examining a class in reading, when he put the following question to a child who had just read a paragraph to him: 'Now concerning these Red Indians, my child, which are mentioned in the first portion of your paragraph—where do they live?'

The little examinee was evidently determined not to lose her 'excellent' mark for general knowledge and intelligence; so, after a few moments' hesitation, she answered: 'In wigwams, sir!'

'Yes, just so,' reluctantly assented the Inspector; 'but I wish you to tell me in what country they live?'

The girl felt that she was 'cornered,' but with praiseworthy resolution, she endeavoured to rise equal to the occasion. So—although her lips were trembling with nervous excitement—she looked up into the Inspector's face and replied: 'Please, sir, in Red India!'

VIA UMBRÆ.

With sunset glory glowing
Were hill and sky and sea;
The night-wind soft was blowing,
It whispered low to me.

And old hopes almost blighted
By Sorrow's trembling tears,
Once more with glory lighted
The Pathway of the years.

They came, 'mid evening splendour,
That shone across the sea;
And Love, with look so tender,
Again did beckon me:

And far the stretching ocean
Of sunset, trembling gold,
Reflected my emotion—
The soul-deep thoughts of old.

It passed, and glory faded
From hill and sky and sea:
The Pathway, deeply shaded,
Was all it left to me.

W. A. S. BURGESS.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.